Don't Forget To Go—

THE BAY LEAF

We'll See You There!

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

VOL. X | WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1931 | No. 13

"Ethereal Value" Topic Of Interview Of Mr. F. L. Fenton

Armed with youth's vivaciousness we entered the sanctuary of Professor Frank L. Fenton, English instructor tres extraordinaire, and, sharpening our Eversharps, inveigled him with a smile.

"Good morning?" we asked, somewhat dubiously.

"Good morning," he assured, looking nervously about for an extra chair.

Unfortunately, we were already sitting upon it (the extra chair). A mutual sneeze saved the situation, and once more the atmosphere was permeated with poise.

"What," we asked, agog with anticipation, "is your opinion regarding the true ethereal value of S. T. C. women?"

"I have no opinions," Mr. Fenton averred, "only small children, morons, and social science teachers have opinions."

"What have you?" stammered we.

"I have ideas."

The thought staggered us.

"Women," Mr. Fenton continued, gradually warming up to his subject, "have much to learn. Perhaps it is best the way that it is. Who knows?"

We didn't.

"They (Mr. Fenton still expositating) seem, at times, to be actually intelligent. Several times I have been neatly intrigued into thinking this. The illusion is perfect."

We, too, felt illusioned as he spoke.

"But you are asking me about the women at State in particular, aren't you?"

We had to admit he were.

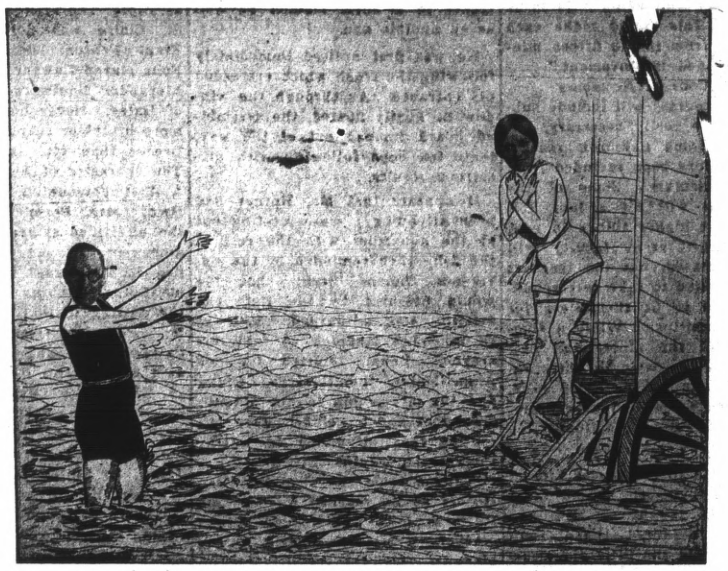
"They are better than the average, much better. Those in my classes give me fresh hope. Themes they hand in, of course, are my only barometer of their actual ethereal value."

It was at this moment that we rose to leave. Psychologically we felt that the moment of exit had arrived. Unlike the termination of most interviews, there was none of the straining for politeness. The air, though warm, was not tepid. A gorgeous stream of pure sunlight found its way through the half ajar window and played playfully upon a reposeful volume of Contemptuous Thought. We left.

Petey the Pedagogue Says:

Edagogicalpay coplepay, articularlypay rofessorspay, laypay aay ingpay-ongpay ournamenttay odaytay.

DIGNIFIED COLLEGE SAVANTS HOLD GAY BEACH EXCURSION



New Plans for Library Soon To Be Realized

Student's dreams are soon to be realized as the library is going to be completely re-furnished. Work will be commenced immediately.

The new furnishings will be of the best grade and quality. Comfortable velour chairs and lounges will take the place of the hard wooden structures now in use. Instead of the harsh light of day, shaded reading lamps will be used, and soft Persian rugs will grace the present hard floors. To complete the genial atmosphere, several radios will be installed, as music stimulates thought.

An added feature of the library will be the serving of tea (free of charge) every afternoon from four o'clock until six, to revive the students. Tea will be followed by informal dancing to the tune of Jesse Stafford's orchestra. It is hoped that the new plans will induce students to spend more time in the library, and thus relieve the strain on the Book Store.

Social Science Prof. Indulges In Opera

The opera was one of Wagner's. The tenor had just sung six pages of liberetto, saying good-morning to the soprano. We heard sobs near at hand and looking about whom should we discover but Mr. James Sharp munching on a garlic sandwich and weeping copiusly. "Why do you weep," we asked—garlic always affects us that way, too. But he answered:

"It's the sublime music! If there's anything I love, it's the op'ra, and especially the soul-stirring strains of Wagner. You see I came early and brought my lunch, "he continued, waving the sandwich, "that's because I do love to watch the people fill up the diamond horseshoe."

Professors Train For Gate Swim

Dignified college professors and their equally dignified students don't, as a rule, lose their reserve in public places, so this picture demands an explanation. You see, it was this way. Everyone grew tired of school one day, and so Dr. Valentine said, "Let's go out to the beavh and make whoopee!" Some of the students wanted to stay and have classes, of course, but the majority went. This view was taken along the beach, March 31.

Above are Dr. Valentine and Mrs. Scott in a playful moment. There are a couple of stories about the incident depicted above, but we can't vouch for the truth of either of them. Perhaps the more plausible is this: Dr. Valentine, feeling the need of publicity for the college, suggested that he and Mrs. Scott start training for a Golden Gate swim. Mrs. Scott looks rather backward about going forward because she had an unpleasant experience in the water last Sunday. Mr. Boulware ducked her, and she swallowed a clam, nearly strangling.

Office Ear Muffs Prove Successful

Miss Edith Ketelhut, of the registrar's office, startled everyone in the office by appearing in strange, red ear-muffs the other day. After two days of silence, she finally broke down and confessed that she was so tired of listening to the same silly questions over and over again that she decided to wear the muffs to keep out all sounds. The rest of the office was so enthusiastic over the idea that an immediate raid was made upon the Book Store. As the supply of ear-muffs in the store was nil a hasty order was cabled to the Arctic Ear-Muff Company. At present, the whole office force is eagerly anticipating the arrival of the muffs. Until they do come, students are asked to avoid asking questions.

Students, Faculty Vie In Personality Contest

Once again the Book Store is offering a contest for the approval of the faculty and student body of S. T. C. This latest idea is in the form of a Personality Contest and is open to any student or faculty member. Mr. and Mrs. Marples will be judges of the contest.

Each contestant will be required to dress in garments of the purple and gold colors of the college. They will be judged on their ability to oust the never ceasing flow of students from the Book Store by means of their persuasive personalities alone, as no weapon may be used. The person who rids the store of surplus people in the shortest length of time will be proclaimed winner of the contest and known thereafter as the possessor of the most charming personality in the college. The winner will receive, as a reward, a seasonal pass into the Book Store by means of the Marples' private entrance.

Pictures of the persons already enrolled in the contest are on display outside the Book Store. Now is the time to enroll in this greatest of all contests, students. All faculty members have supported it wholeheartedly—is the student body going to allow the faculty to carry away all honrs? Enroll today.

Believe It Or Not

This is an April Fool edition of the **Bay Leaf.**

Cinches are just reminders from instructors to let you know that you are still enrolled in their classes.

Students are encouraged to use profanity, especially in the classroom, because it displays the richness of their vocabularies.

Instructors enjoy seeing students enter the classroom late.

Students in the publications office have resolved to eliminate all loud talking.

Students were not required to go to class today, but the joke is on those who did not go.

Yours for less cooperation

—Alias Ripley

Excavations Begun For New State Pool Built For College

Following the plans of the building schedule, workmen today started excavating for the new swimming pool of the San Francisco State Teachers' College. The pool probably will be finished by the middle of April if the work proceeds as rapidly as it has begun. The entire student body and faculty are looking forward to the completion of the tank, as it will be of benefit to the entire personnel of the school.

The pool will have a very novel form, in order to be adapted to the needs of the student body. It will replace the path which goes from the administration building to Anderson Hall, thus running practically the length of the campus. The pool will contain running fresh water, and students will be allowed to enter it any hour of the day. Swimming to class will replace walking or running, and for those who do not care for swimming, two large motorboats will be provided. Miss Edith A. Pickard has consented to give up teaching in order to devote her time to piloting these boats.

It has been suggested that classes be held in the water, and Dr. Elias T. Arnesen and Dr. Garland Ethel have already planned several prohibition speeches in which they take the wet side in order to dampen the spirits of the classes. If the professors become boring, the students may at any time swim away, provided they swim underwater.

Special apparatus will be instal-

(Con't to Page 2, Col. 1)

Wednesday, April 1;
Dedication of new two million dollars administration building. Balloon ascension; Dr. Roberts will search from above for additional campus ground.

Friday, April 3;
Inauguration of no grade policy.
Rainy day session; (well, maybe it'll rain).

Saturday, April 4;
6 a. m.; Pythagorean Theory test; compulsory for all Music minors.

Sunday, April 5;
Sermon by Mr. Mundt: "Keep Your Face Turned Heavenward — That You might see Alpha Centauri Only Four Light Years Away."

Monday, April 6;
Celebration to cheer parents of cinched students.
Mass meeting in Dean Du Four's office to arrange beheadings for faculty members who give surprise ex's.

Tuesday, April 7;
S. T. C. eleven meets U. C. for western title.
Cafeteria intiates hot soup and large portion policy.
Classes dismissed at 2:45; third mid-terms at 2:50.

CAMPAIGN PLANNED TO PROVIDE POORER STUDENTS SUPPLIES

Now is the time to prove that marvelous school spirit for which the college is renowned. The great campaign of the college is on.

The campaign was organized by Jack Evans, Al Wyatt, and Ed Plutte in order to provide for the poor students who are needlessly provoked by inconsiderate comrades. They are asking everyone to contribute to the good of the order.

Proceeds will be used for the following:

1. To supply certain of these reliable persons with pens, pencils, paper, erasers, etc., so that they may be able to supply borrowers at any time with necessary articles.

2. To insert pockets containing large holes into any article of clothing so that the borrowers may have a legitimate excuse for not returning articles.

3. To equip all pencils with noisy point breakers in order that during examinations the student may renew his memory by glancing at people's papers as he strolls up to the sharpener.

4. To place benches and comfortable articles on all stairways so that it will be easier to obstruct the general traffic.

5. To arrange that a friend be at the front on the noon line in the cafe to get the lunches for those who come in late.

Men Hate Women

After a "state"-wide search for women-haters a few have at last been rounded up. When questioned why they were immune, they made the following remarks:

James Stichcomb—I loath adulation.

Jack Bean—Girls fight so over me.

Kirk Truman—Girls don't affect me one way or the other.

Sid Trager—All members of the feminine sex are essentially cruel and born liars.

Don Pryor—Women frighten me.

Jack Crowley—Girls bore me so—ho! hum!

Pool Started

(Con't from Page 1, Col5)

led during the winter months, so that the caretaker will be able to freeze the water into ice and provide a place for ice skating. This apparatus is a necessity, as the weather in San Francisco is never cold enough to freeze anything. Unemployed ice cream cones will be sold to accompany the ice skating. Dr. P. Valentine, and Mr. Alexander Boulware, the Gold Dust twins, have expressed a desire to be the official jeerers whenever anyone falls down on the ice. They will probably be officially installed in this capacity.

The money for this unusual pool, with its twofold use as a swimming tank and an ice skating rink, has been donated by Al Capone who believes in the slogan, "My home town, first and worst." May all the members of /State Teachers' College recall this beautiful sentiment as they plunge into the pool on the opening day, April 32, 1931.

BUY WON!

Ninety-Nine New Subjects Will Be Taught Next Term

Many students will, there is not the slightest doubt, be delighted when they hear that ninety-nine entirely new subjects are to be taught during the coming semester.

"The primary joy, and I have had experience," says Dean Du Four, "in a teacher's monomorphic existence, is the practice of giving out cinch notices. Now, if the number of subjects were increased, we could give many more cinches. Of course, with so many subjects, the time given to each one would have to be decreased. This would make each period last from ten to fifteen minutes, a decided improvement."

New Courses Necessary

The new courses will include subjects that are really necessary, but which, for some unknown reason, have heretofore been excluded from college curriculum. Some of the new courses will fill a long felt want for the higher things in education. The present faculty will not be increased, but the teachers will be expected to take correspondence courses to fit themselves for their new positions. While a complete list of the ninety-nine new subjects, kaleidoscopic in their ramifications, can not be listed here, a few of the more intriguing brain-distorters should be mentioned.

Bat Course Given

Introduction to the Social Life of the Bat, will be the name of a course to be taught by Miss Lea Reid. In this course students will be initiated into the little appreciated culture of the bat. Miss Reid feels that she will not be forced to take a correspondence course for her subject.

"I have yet to hear of a correspondence school having a commendable course on bat culture; I don't think one exists," remonstrates Miss Reid.

Gastronomy. Its Relation to Effective Public Gesticulation. Thus will a course to be propounded by Dr. Garland Ethel be identified. Considered by all who know him intimately to be a gastronomical dilettante, Dr. Ethel, it is hoped, will teach this subject with his usual vehemance.

Psychology of the Cinch. Thus nobly entitled, will be a course by Mr. James Benjamin Sharp be be taught.

Mr. Sharp, when informed that he was one chosen to preside over this course, blushed hectically.

"Of course," said he, "I am prefitted for such a course, but how do you suppose they knew it?"

Mrs. Diamant Demurs

Mrs. Ruth Witt - Diamant was heard to demur definitely when informed that she was the one chosen to specialize in a course to be called the **Delicate (but Esoteric) Beauty to be Found in Medieval Indoor-Sports.**

"I know," she informed, "I know such medieval games as miniature golf, kibitzing, passing-the-buck, chess, and gyping-the-serf, but still I don't feel prepared to teach such a comprehensive course."

EXECUTIVE BOARD TEA INTERRUPTED BY DON HORNER

It was decided yesterday at the weekly meeting of the Executive Board that it was about time the officers and members of the student body stopped for a moment to muse over times departed and to reminiscence. However, tea was no sooner half-way drunk, when the afternoon was so rudely interrupted by the appearance of one of the absent members, namely Mr. Donald Horner, who made his entrance in a novel manner as well as an audible one.

He was first noticed immediately following the crash which preceeded his entrance. As through the window he gently floated, the assembled board jumped out of the way, their tea cups following with disastrous results.

It appears that Mr. Horner had been attending a class meeting out at the aquarium with the rest of the fish, when reminded by the Reverend Thomas Bragg that tea would be over by the time the meeting was adjourned. Without so much as stopping to take his crayons, Donald started for his Alma Mater, the Reverend Bragg and the city pound in hot pursuit. Two dogs and a goldfish were bitten as they attempted to waylay the frenzied youth.

"Gimme some cake?" yelled Don Horner as he reached for M. Cassidy's apple. "And I love animal crackers like them ones!" as he made a dive for Bob Peterson's elephant.

The Reverend Bragg is at a loss to understand it all; poor man, we watch him with tears in our eyes as he wearily passes his hand across his forehead in order to scratch his scapula (it is thought that the reason for this is because something itches him). "And to think I have known him for three weeks! I never dreamed it would come to this; we've had him to the best veterinaries in Milpitas and still he won't eat his mush on Tuesdays?" Again the pitiful movement of his hand, ending in heart-rending scratch.

Doctors report Mr. Horner's condition to be much improved this morning, though he still continues to sing the "Pagan Love Song" by Beethoven. Bob Peterson too is resting more easily. He does not sing, as doing so always proves annoying to the family cat; besides his father will not stand for it . . .

The unemployment situation was made in Mr. Horner's appetite.

Members of the Press Club gave an informal pressing party last evening. They very kindly pressed Dr. Roberts, and they will classify and mount him at the next meeting. Miss Reid is the sponsor of the club and urges every one to attend the next meeting.

Faculty Members Make Stage Debut In Strange Drama

For the entertainment of the student body, the faculty members of S. T. C. presented a revival of the famous old melodrama **Uncle Tom's Cabin,** in the Frederic Burk auditorium last Friday evening.

Cast Brilliant

The cast was composed of the most brilliant dramatic stars among the faculty. Mrs. Katherine Bridge gave a heart rending performance as little Eva, with Miss Edna Rock as Topsy. The aristocratic Augustine St. Claire was portrayed by Mr. Frank Fenton. Dean Clarence Du Four played Lawyer Marks and Mr. Alexander Boulware filled the role of Haley. Never has there been a more brutal or fear inspiring Simon Legree than Mr. James B. Sharp. The character of Aunt Ophelia was well impersonated by Miss Lea Reid. Mrs. Percy Marples gained the undivided sympathy of the audience in the role of Eliza as she fled madly across the treacherous ice floes, clutching to her bossom the darling little Harry, played by Mr. Percy Marples. Miss Jessie Casebolt will long be remembered as the kind and loving Mrs. Shelby. Miss Eva Levy made an impressive Mammy Chloe, while Mr. Carlos Mundt carried away all honors as the ever trusting old Uncle Tom. Dr. Elias T. Arnesen, Mr. William Knuth, and Dr. Barney played the bloodhounds with a terrifying sense of realism.

Handkerchiefs Needed

Free handkerchiefs were distributed by the ushers between the acts, an extra handkerchief being allowed for Little Eva's death scene. During Eliza's escape, a bit of trouble was experienced backstage when the dogs began to fight over the hot-water bags which had been tied over their heads to give them the appearance of bloodhounds. In spite of the fact that Simon Legree came very near to losing his walrus moustache several times, the only serious mishap that occured during the play was when the wires became entangled as Little Eva was ascending to the celestial regions. For a period of fifteen minutes it was doubtful as to just where Eva was actually going. However, on the whole, the performance was very commendable.

THE ONCE OVER

by James W. Stinchcomb

Today must surely be the time to abandon dull care, for look what I saw: Dr. Roberts riding a bicycle to college this morning . . . Mr. Brown wearing a soft collar and no tie . . . Mr. Boulware reading **Snappy Stories** . . . Misses Crumpton and Vance arguing who knew Mr. Frank Ray best . . . Miss Fleming cutting up in the library . . . Miss Romander displaying fuzzy, blonde hair . . . Dr. Arnesen confessing the mediocrity of his son . . . Dr. Barney having the measles . . . Dr. Valentine wearing knickers . . . Misses Reid and Pickard frightening Mr. Mundt with frogs and spiders . . . Mrs. Monroe shouting excitedly for service in the cafeteria . . . Mrs. Cooch helping Coach Cox to sketch Mr. Sharp in ballet costume.

* * *

ooDay ooyay ikelay ootay eadray igpay atinLay? enThay, eadray onhay. ucienLay ebaudLay aswa eededna orfay ahay ocalay unctionfay, utbay ishay usinessbay anagermay objectedhay. aidSay iseMay Evalay, "an'tCay eway etgay ucienLay offhay ybay imhayelfsay otay eatay andhay enthay alktay otay imhay?"

* * *

There seems to be no immunity from the spirit of the day. We have learned that Dr. Ethel and Mr. Fenton have secretly sent each other special boxes of holiday chocolates, which will prove to be similar to Palmolive and Lux products.

* * *

Have you heard? Il y a des tres mauvais gens ici des voleurs en effet. Regardez!

* * *

A little bird told me:

Ah yes, 'tis the first day of the fourth month.

* * *

Cinches Are Just Faculty Joke

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THE HELPING HAND

FOUND—Two pairs of false teeth and one glass eye at the Fairmont Hotel after the tea, March 11. Owners may have same by forwarding a stamped self-addressed envelope.

FOUND—The answer to a Maiden's Prayer. Apply Book Store.

FOUND—The Lost Chord. Apply Lost and Found.

LOST—A fine disposition, Box 693.

LOST—A cinch notice. Finder may keep.

LOST—One slightly used mother-in-law. Finder please drown.

WANTED—One good talking parrot to take the place of Prof. who desires a week's vacation. Applicants may leave names at Book Store.

WANTED—A sure cure for "Saxophobia." Box 1116.

WANTED—A good excuse for cutting. Box 402.

WANTED—Attendance at the Noon-Day dances.

LOST—One very handsome boy friend. Please return. No questions will be asked. Box 49.

LOST—One trained flea; French variety. Answers to the name Fifi. Reward. Box 960.

LOST — Gentleman's black waved toupee at performance of the Black Flamingo March 13. Owner offers generous reward. Box 543.

FOUND—Grounds for divorce. Rent reasonable. Apply Box 913.

Skating And Polo Features of W.A.A. Ingenious Affair

A roller-skating party sponsored by the Women's Athletic Association was held on the campus, Sunday, February 29, for the purpose of acquainting the faculty members with the work that is being done by the women. The towel room in the gym was transformed into an apple room where the unemployed sold their apples.

A bridge was made leading from the gym to the old building and a prize was offered to the skater who was able to get across the bridge first. All honors went to our skillful skater, Miss Hilda Holmes. The race up and down the escalator was won by Miss Hilda keel-Smith. The race around the block was lead by Dean Clarence Du Four and a close second was Dr. Elias T. Arnesen. About four-thirty in the afternoon, Dr. Alexander Roberts suggested a game of polo on the lawn. The pony express was wired for, and, when they arrived, the exciting game started.

The faculty members who constitute the Mathematics department won. At six o'clock the poor breathless instructors were hungry so an enormous dinner was served in the book-store. After the ponies were cooled off, they were hitched to the express, and the faculty members were driven to their homes.

APRIL FOOL

Gym Becomes A Picture Palace By Popular Consent

Students of the college today were overjoyed to read the announcement which was posted on the Bulletin Board late last night.

Beginning Monday, the former gymnasium will be converted into a first class talking-picture show. Admission will be gratis, and only the finest and latest all-talking features will be shown.

There will be two performances daily. During the time pictures are not being shown the theatre will be converted into a dance floor, music to be brought by a new $500. all-electric radio.

The change from theatre to dance floor is made possible by raising the erstwhile seats to a height of 20 feet by a new invention, which has cost the College over fifty thousand dollars.

Refreshments will be served. For the benefit of those who are unable to dance the latest collegiate steps, Dr. Roberts has seen fit to hire several expert tutors, with the earnest hope that each and every member of the student body may join in.

The theatre is expected to draw huge crowds, and attendants are asked to refrain from eating peanuts during the showing of talking pictures.

You can't insult a flapper by saying she hasn't a thimbleful of brains. She doesn't know what a thimble is.

Profs. Required To Take P. E. Coming Term

A new ruling that goes into effect February 30, 1932, will be of vital importance to the male element of the S. T. C. faculty. The administration office has issued an order that all male faculty members must sign up for gymnasium classes. Coach Dave Cox will be the instructor. The reason for the ruling has not been announced as yet. But from an unofficial source word has been received, hinting at the reason for the drastic steps taken by the administration board of the college.

For sometime it has been noticeable that the profs are living a life of ease. Consequently they are acquiring the noble proportions of Shakespear's immortal Flagstaff. Not only Flagstaff's girth but also his mirth. Considering the fact that S. T. C. is not an institution that devotes its time to turning out comedians, such a thing must be guarded against.

Besides, the women of the college have been uttering complaints concerning the appearance of the male faculty members. They say it is hard to retain their romantic ideals if they have to gaze at a prof who is losing the charm of youth. They demand, (the women), that each and every prof must meet the measurements as far as possible of a typical Apollo. It is the wish of the college officials that the profs all become Apollos so that the ladies' faith in man shall not be shattered. The women of the college also threatened to leave the college if their wishes were not complied with. Imagine S. T. C. without a woman.

NAME FOUND FOR REPORTER'S CAR

We have been racking our brains to think of a fitting epitaph for Sid Trager's -er-a- car, and we think we have found it in one of the **Polytechnic Parrots.** See if you don't agree with us:

"For Sale—One flivver with piston ring,
Two rear wheels and one front spring;
Carburetor busted half way through;
Engine missing, hits on two.
Three years old, four in the spring,
Has shock absorbers and everything.
Radiator busted, sure does leak.
Differential's dry—you can hear it squeak.
Ten spokes missing, front all bent,
Tire blowed out, ain't worth a cent.
Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce;
Tires all off, been run on the rim—
But a darn good 'fliv' for the shape she's in."

— THE — INSIDE STORY

Kirk Truman who has a trunkful of medals won in various talkathon contests.

* * *

Ed Plutte, although he has never been in a football suit, will be one of the foremost members of the Black Hawks ice hockey team next summer. Ed booted no less than 17 goals in a recent game with the Native Sons.

* * *

Dear Sid and Jess:

I am now in the best of form, my figure is divine. I played a whale of a game last Saturday night at National Hall. My opponent was simply paralyzed with fright. Every time I opened my mouth he would cower and tremble. I never fully realized how impressive I am. In fact, I have been underating my power all along. I expect that you have noticed the fact that I have not mentioned my opponents name. Modesty forbids it. If you deem it advisable, you may run this letter in your column, "The Inside Story."

I think that the right kind of publicity will do much for me.

Your old pal,
—Everett O'Rourke

* * *

The State Varsity basketball team suffered a severe setback, when it was learned that Tinker Bell, star forward, will be lost to the co-eds for the rest of the season. Tink sprained his foot while playing football for San Mateo Teachers College during the previous season. An X-ray showed the bone still cracked last week. This accounts for many of his erratic actions.

* * *

NOTICE

Track sign up today. No entries accepted if they have fallen arches, chilblains, ingrown nails or smoke cubeb cigarettes. The moral character of all entries will be examined by Dean Ward.

McCauley Institute for Chorus Girls

"They laughed when we got up to dance; when we sat down, they were gasping."

Such is the proud and untarnished motto of the McCauley Institute For Chorus Girls.

"Our Institute guarantees that a course with us will for ever prevent you from working again along such lines. Those students entering with bowed-legs, knocked-knees, or other personal beauties will graduate with these characteristics increased.

"This Institute was founded in 1492, (when Columbus sailed the ocean blue), in order to be an attraction to the arriving emigrants. Since then, the Institute has steadily grown and is now world-recognized. Florenz Ziegfield has engaged several of the graduates pictured above —the highest recommendation any Institute can have."

MADAM McCAULEY, Professeur

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THE BAY LEAF

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:-: EDITORIAL :-:

TO THE AUGMENTED STUDENT BODY:

We, the instructors of S. T. C., do hereby resolve that all examinations shall be abolished, prohibited, and declared null and void, so as to enable the students to pursue their social activities unmolested and unhampered by the terror-striking thought of studying for an examination.

Furthermore, it is understood and agreed that we deeply resent, and apologize for the mental anguish that students were heretofore forced to endure during the process of studying for an examination. Little can be done to alleviate that situation now, but you shall never again be forced to endure such hardships and cruel treatment by our hands. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. The world may little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget this monumental piece of work: the emancipation of the student from his feudal obligations to his instructor and over-lord.

Witness our hand and seal at San Francisco, California, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred sixty one.

—THE FACULTY

F. O. B.

Dear F. O. B.

Friends tell me that F. O. B. means "full of bull." For weeks I have looked for the cow's brother on this page and cannot find it.

Sincerely,
—Ima Dun

* * *

Dear F. O. B.

Being raized on a farm with Chikens, i am Considered goot-looking. i wood like too no if the M. D. after Dr. Barney's name means mentally deficient.

i've met her in the hall, and she doesn't look lik a marron.

thanc yu,
—Me Teehe.

* * *

Dear Fob

What does the S. A. on the salvation building mean? My maw at home told me to be careful of the wicked city. Are all the S. T. C. boys wicked, or is it just their faces?

One of them asked me if my maw dropped me on my head when I was born and i slapped his face was i right to do this.

—Perplexed.

* * *

Dear Fob,

Why do professors make you read the appendix of a book? I think the practise awt to be stoped. Thier is nothing in them anyhow.

—appendix

* * *

Dear madam,

the other day Miss Picard asked in a midterm what a grass widow was and i said it was the wife of a vegetarian. She marked it wrong and i dont know why, can you help me out.

—peaches

* * *

dear one,

I was born in Germany 20 years ago and I am now 18. As soon As i arrived in this country I germinated und became naturalized German. I went to the optimst the otherday to get mine eyes fixed would I go to a pessimist for mine feet.

Musicale Is Given By Star Reporters

After many requests from all over the world, Dorothy Williamson, well knows cheer leader, and Julie Seyd, star ad-gatherer of the **Bay Leaf**, have finally consented to give a musical recital.

Miss Seyd and Miss Williamson have been practicing for the event all semester, to the general peace and joy of the entire college. Julie has studied thirty-five years in Europe, while Miss Williamson claims having trained all the famous opera stars. She can not quite recall whether Caruso was among the extensive group or not. During the intermission between numbers, Georgeanne Marshall will give her interpretation of Hawaiian and Egyptian nursery rhymes to the accompaniment of the well-known Kirk Truman's jazz-bone.

The program will consist of:

1. The Volga Boatman.
2. The Vulga Boatman.
3. The Vulga Seaman.
4. The Rude Boatman.
5. The Song of the Volga Boatman.

Can I vote or am I prohibitioned from doing this.

Mine invoice hurts me so that I cannot sleep ately.

as ever
—me.

* * *

dear Fob.

I want to get a poet's license. Can I get it down the postoffice where I got my dog's? Will it cost more than $2.00?

—Po Ett

* * *

dear Fob.

I want to ask you a question about my brother, who was kicked because he was wicked in stomach. What would you do for him? He hasn't any sense but nonsense. My mother says he'll be put to death by elocution. He's always telling antidotes. He's always getting gravity allover his waste every time he eats.

—Bothered.

Mustache Favored By Opera Audience

Dr. Elias Arnesen is no longer an instructor at Teachers College. The Metropolitan Opera Company is flourishing this year more than ever before. The following explains the above two statements:

The Metropolitan Opera Company was about to perform the mos promising opera of the season. Suddenly, however, everyone felt that something had gone wrong. Managers, performers, helpers — all dashed from one room to another searching vainly for something. At last the cause of their search was told. Now everyone knows that a villain must have a flowing mustache, yet the villain of the opera had misplaced his. And no amount of searching could find it.

Suddenly, the contralto exclaimed, "Aha, I have it! Have you not heard of the renowned Dr. Arnesen? His mustache is beyond all compare. We must have him for tonight's performance." A hasty telegram was sent, arriving in the midst of Arnesen's morning lecture. He opened the message nervously, read it over three times, jumped into the air, and ran to catch the next plane leaving for New York. At last his hidden desire to be before the public's eye was about to be realized!

Rumor has it that he arrived so breathlessly that he was unable to sing. However, the audience was so thrilled by his wonderful mustache that he was forced to come on time after time and at the close of the performance he signed a contract lasting ten years.

All the members of S. T. C. can only hope with Dr. Arnesen that the mustache continues to hold the audience's favor.

THE REGISTRAR SAYS

1. All people desiring to have a two week vacation instead of a two day one may have it if they will apply to the registrar"s office today.

2. Anyone feeling that he or she could pass his finals if he is allowed to keep his book open during the tests, may do so merely by obtaining the consent of the instructors.

3. All applications for "A" grades in any course should be in today.

4. Students are urged to file their programs as late as possible, as the people in the registrar's office love to be rushed at the last moment.

5. As a result of a recent faculty decision, all students will from now on be allowed to carry as many units as they like. Also, courses may be taken without the consent of faculty advisers. Miss Crumpton would also like to inform students that it is no longer necessary to notify the office about changes of program, for the entire office force has recently taken a course in mental telepathy, and are therefore able to know of changes without having the students tell them.

6. A great step forward in the progress of this college was made when the graduation committee decided that from now on the valedictorian at graduation will be chosen by the number of cinches the students have. At present the recipient of the honor is undecided, as the two students who are working to be valedictorian have 27 cinches each. The results of the second midterm will decide the matter, however.

:—: APRIL FOOL :—:

TERTIUM QUID

TODAY, here's something nice to tune in on: . . .

COACH COX tells me that Kezar Stadium is much too small to seat the terrific crowds that swarm out there every Saturday to witness STATE'S trak meets . . .

NOT even Cal or Stanford can beat this one unique record of ours: To date we have one of the widest campus thoroughfares in the world. Yes, I mean COLLEGE WALK—that ultra-boulevard like path which connects Anderson Hall with College Hall. Never do you find on it the least bit of congested traffic. . . especially, when you're overlate to class . . .

A co-ed, overheard,—"O. K., Bill. I'll meet you down the "libe" at four sharp. We'll get those "reserves" then, 'cause nobody takes a book from the shelves 'till four."

AT LAST! AT last—we're well on the way toward our beautiful banner for State. According to Sid Trager, such a vast crowd jammed the gym for our last noon-dance that we more than cleared all overhead expenses, and made the magnificent profit of exactly one dollar and fifty cents . . .

Looks like we'll get no WHO'S WHO this term. But that's alright. Maybe next year somebody will wake up and present us with an elaborately gilded WHO WAS WHO to hang up in the hall. Anyway, WHO the dickens give a WHHOP?

Folks say that students here surely live up to the acid test for honesty. It is said that any instructor can give his class a midterm, leave the room, and come back sixty minutes later knowing full well that his class is the veritable backbone of the honor system. Oh Yes!!! Remember, "we are all brothers in that great fraternity," etc. . . .

Yes, it certainly is a marvel! Just think, not one "exam" did we get outside of those given in the sixth and twelfth weeks set aside for midterms. What a relief!! No more of those darned "sprung" exes for us!! . . .

Every one of our instructors is a prince of profs! None of them ever keeps us "over the hour" 'till he gets done putting the finishing touches to a belated lecture . . .

They tell me that STATE has the quietest class-rooms in California. In some colleges, I hear that the English profs have to all but strain their lungs in order to make themselves heard above the awful hub bub pouring out continuously from music classes all about. Thank the Lord!! WE don't have to put up with that "do-mi-sol" stuff all day long . . .

Oh, you can't tell me!!! I always said that students around here never give the faculty a chance to stick an oar in their affairs. I know. There's too much student control in this college . . .

Three co-eds were terribly peeved the other day. Here they were trying so hard to be collegiate. But they didn't even get a tumble. No sir! It seemed that everybody else in the college got a CINCH but them!! Aw—but brace up sisters. You're sure to get a break at finals . . .

It's a downright shame. Our student body spends altogether too much money on rallies and social affairs lately. In fact, we had so MANY rallies this month, that we can never find time to study . . .

Maybe you're right. It MIGHT be a good idea to tear out the tennis courts because nobody uses them day in and day out! They're always empty. So we may as well raise some lawn in their place so that we can talk about it but never walk about it . . .

...I should say NOT!.. How do you think we could ever get the BAY LEAF out on time if every Tom, Dick, and Harry used these typewriters for anything but journalism?? . . .

NO SIR!! We don't appreciate good things when we see them. Take our walls in the administration building. Such signs! Such posters! AH, bliss . . .

—TERTIUM

P. S. Say, what's the date today?

Faculty Has New Policy In Deals With All Students

Hereafter a new policy will be followed by the faculty of S. T. C. in their dealings with the students of the college. In fact the students will be allowed to have a practical self-government. The new policy will be an innovation in modern educational procedure. The faculty have adopted the following rules by which to govern themselves and the student body.

1. The students will have the privilege of refusing to accept assignments given to them by their professors in the various classes.

2. To make examinations easier, students may use their books for finding the answers to the questions asked.

3. If the answers to the questions are not in the book, the student has the privilege of making up his own questions and answers.

4. If a student cuts a class the 'prof.' will assume that he or she has prepared his lesson and should give them an "A" for the day's recitation.

5. If a student asks the prof for an A or B, in a course the 'prof' must give the grades asked for. (This will bring the college scholarship above the average. There will be less possibility of students flunking out after spending 18 weeks in a classroom.)

6. If the students would rather stage a dance than have a discussion of the assignment for the day, the 'prof' must permit them to do so.

7. All 'profs' must learn the latest jokes to keep the students in a happy frame of mind during dry lectures.

VIEWS OF THE NEWS

It's safe to lay your pocketbook
In ANY spot at school . . .
'Cause ev'ryone who comes to State
Observes the GOLDEN RULE!!!

YOU can't afford to class YOURSELF
As one "among the mutts" . . .
You've GOT to be collegiate, chic...
So get yourself some CUTS!!!

I always said that STATE was great. . .
Such comfort all around . . .
Upon the campus ev'rywhere
Are benches to FOUND!!!

I GUARANTEE to see you grin
In any kind of PINCH . . .
As long as you are fortunate
To find yourself a CINCH!!!

How MUCH this year has changed since LAST . . .
We've grown a lot since THEN . . .
The latest thing to BOAST about...
A WOMEN'S SMOKING DEN!!!

—By Viola Giesen

Possible Employer: "But you're asking for a rather high wage, seeing that you know nothing about the work."

Applicant: "But, you see, not knowing the work makes it so much harder for me."